

The Mirror

OF

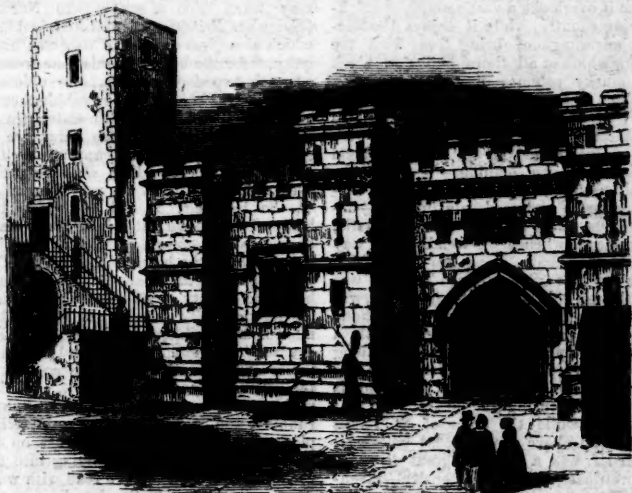
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

No. 25.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1846.

[Vol. 1, 1846.]



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower, as it is familiarly called, stands on the northern bank of the Thames, as we have already more than once stated, and consists of a large pile of building, the irregularity of which arises from its having been erected and enlarged by various sovereigns, at distant periods of time. It served the purpose of a fortified palace to many of the early monarchs of England. Tradition, as we have before remarked, ascribes its origin to William the Conqueror, who, having no great reliance on the fidelity of his new subjects of London, built a stronghold to overawe them, on the site of the present building, which has so often been altered, and repaired, and added to, as to be almost unrecognisable from its original form.

The exterior walls of the Tower now include an area of twelve acres and five roods. The exterior circuit of the ditch which surrounds it is three thousand one hundred and fifty-six feet; it is separated from the Thames by a broad quay, beyond which is a platform for mounting sixty-

PRICE 2d.

one pieces of cannon, which are brought and fixed on all occasions of public rejoicing. The principal entrance is by three successive gates on the western side, two of which are outside the ditch; the second gate on entering leads to a stone bridge thrown across the ditch; and the third, which is the strongest, stands at the inner end of the bridge; this is guarded by soldiers; and when the gates are opened in the morning, the formalities of a garrison are observed; though now that the metropolitan police have walked in—much to our regret—we suppose this is all changed. We could wish that it might be said always:

Banners on high and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shreds of dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

We fear, however, the consequences of the present rage for improvement.

The above cut represents the walls as they appear on the inside, just on entering the Tower gates to the right hand.

NO. 1323.—VOL. XLVII.

A DAY AT HIGHGATE.

Few of London's suburban hamlets can boast air so fresh and salubrious, views so extensive, or rural walks so diversified and pleasing, combined with so many recollections of antiquity and days gone by, as that which is known by the name of Highgate. The reviving, cheering, and happy influence of its hill summit, has often been remarked upon in poetry and prose; on a lofty and commanding eminence it overlooks a vast amount of neighbouring country, while it enjoys the further advantage of being free from the smoke which at all times hangs in black and murky volumes over the metropolis. A short time since we took a solitary stroll to this village, being anxious to breathe the fresh and bracing air, a wish not easily realised in the neighbourhood of London. An omnibus—one of those highly useful conveyances for men of moderate tastes and moderate incomes—deposited us safely at Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, whence we wended our way across the heath, along the road which leads to the Spaniard's. The day was fine though cold, the sky, in part blue, was dotted with fleecy clouds, the sun shone with a faint attempt at giving warmth, a keen air swept cross a spur of hill, along the crest of which the way runs. To the right lay Modern Babylon, its dense clouds of vapour obscuring the heavens in that direction, while the dome of St. Paul's loomed up above the adjacent buildings; to our left was a scene of great diversity and prettiness, and not unextensive—Finchley, Harrow-on-the-Hill, even Windsor, being to be distinguished on a very clear day. With all these temptations, however, with its freshness, scenery, and rural character, it is surprising how few comparatively ever venture this short distance to breathe an air which is almost that of the country. Your Cockney is a creature of habit, and goes where he has been accustomed to go. Primrose Hill, and the Parks, are the places he has been used to visit on Sundays and holidays, whereas a walk to Highgate would be a healthful exertion beyond the ordinary range of his ideas.

A brisk pace soon brought us upon the Spaniard's, a somewhat romantically situated inn, formerly the site of a gate leading into an extensive park, the property of the bishops of London, and where toll was taken from all travellers. In this park, called Harringhay, was once a splendid palace, the property of these great church dignitaries; how well chosen may be inferred from a description of the suburbs of London by Fitzstephen in 1180; "There are corn fields, pastures, and delightful meadows, intermixed with plea-

sant streams, on which stand many a mill, whose clack is so grateful to the ear; beyond them a forest extends itself beautified with woods and groves, and full of the layers and coverts of beasts and game, stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls." "These wild bulls," adds Fitzstephen's translator, "were probably either buffaloes, or like the beasts of Andalusia in Spain, which I presume are small."

The bishop's palace was a castle, as we may learn from a sentence in Norden, (*Speculum Britannicum*, published in 1593) which also gives an idea of its great antiquity, "for the hill is at this time trenched with two deep ditches, now olde and overgroune with bushes, the rubble thereof as brick, tile, and Cornish slate, are in heaps yet to be seen, which ruins are of great antiquity, as may appear by the oaks at this day standing, above a hundred years growth, at the very foundation of the building; it did belong to the bishop of London, at which place have been dated divers evidences, some of which yet remain in the bishop's registrie." The chief object of this castle appears to have been the facility it afforded the prelates for hunting. To this day the form of the moat is still visible, and it is seventy yards square; the site uneven and bearing traces of foundations. "The portion of the moat," says Mr. Prickett, "which still remains consists of a spring constantly running, and is now used as a watering place for cattle; the aged bushes on its banks may yet be seen drooping into the refreshing stream." We read with wonderment and awe Mr. Stephens' account of vast cities, of mighty ruins in central America, utterly overgrown by forest and underwood, but here, at our own doors, within sight of London, we hear of a moated castle, with its massive walls, its drawbridges, its huge bastions; its crenelated battlements, which in the tenth century hustled with armed men, and not a stone, not even a brick remains to support the truth of the tale. Near this castle, in its surrounding wood, it was, that in 1386, a hostile meeting took place between the duke of Gloucester and the earl of Warwick; here, too, the former assembled a force of 40,000 men to oppose his king. Here, too, Henry VIII was wont to hunt, as may be gathered from a proclamation, in which the name of Highgate occurs, that threatened to those who should hunt or hawke within certain precincts, "imprisonment of their bodies, and further, punishment at his majesties will and pleasure." Game was scarce, and the monarch being fond of the chase, required that it should be preserved for his "owne disport, pleasure, and recreation." But ere we pursue our way along the road, which

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leaves the ancient park of the bishops of London to the left, and Caen wood to the right, we must say a word relative to the Spaniard's. Its name is derived from the fact of its having been first opened by a member of that nation, since when it has been a very popular place of entertainment and recreation. Its early condition and style may be gathered from the following extract from a description of Middlesex, which exists in MSS.

"Its gardens have been lately improved and beautifully ornamented by the ingenuity of Mr. W. Staples, who, out of a wild and thorny wood, full of hills, valleys, and sand pits, hath now made pleasant grass and gravel walks, with a mount, from the elevation of which the beholder hath a prospect of Hanslop steeple in Northamptonshire, within eight miles of Northampton; of Langdon hills in Essex, full sixty miles east; of Banstead downs, in Surrey, south; and of Windsor Castle. These walks and plats this gentleman hath embellished with a great many curious figures, depicted with pebble stones of various colours." The quaint taste and fancies of the last century are forcibly illustrated in the account we must give of New Georgia, a cottage, two stories in height, which stood hard by. The grave old gentleman who invented it, would doubtless, in these days, have seen the inside of Bedlam. "This humorous cottage was erected by its inhabitant, the same year queen Caroline died; it hath on it the following inscription; 'I, Robert Caxton, begun this place in a wild wood, stubbed up the wood, digged all the ponds, cut all the walks, made all the gardens, built all the rooms, with my own hands, nobody drove a nail here, laid a brick or tile, but myself; and thank God for giving me such strength, being sixty-four years of age when I began it.' Here the owner showeth you several small rooms, and numerous contrivances of his own to divert the beholder; and here the gentleman is put in the pillory and the ladies are obliged to kiss him, with such other, oddities; the building is irregular and low, of wood, and the ground and wilderness is laid out in a delightful romantic taste."

Robert Caxton's ingenuity however took a more alarming direction, for in 1748, these singular grounds were interspersed with representations of various reptiles, which suddenly made an attack upon the unsuspecting visitor. Those who understand how dangerous these sudden frights have often proved, will sympathise with the feelings which prompted its disuette in 1770. Caxton's, however, was not alone. The earl of Worcester, in 1743, invented "a chair made alamode, and yet a stranger being persuaded to sit in it,

shall have immediately his arms and thighs locked up, beyond his own power to loosen them. The late Mr. Winstanley had a contrivance to raise a skeleton before a stranger who should put his foot in a slipper; and the chair at the house called New Georgia, which sinks on a person sitting in it, is of the like kind, but not so innocent." Many living persons are said to remember being lowered in this chair, when they found themselves amongst figures of apparently animated serpents and vipers. The innocence of any of the above contrivances is very questionable. A host who should offer a weary guest the comfort of taking off his boots, and enjoying the luxury of slippers—which gives one an inspiration even of home—and who should contrive to startle some corpulent gentleman into a fit of indigestion, would be but a sorry dispenser of hospitality.

Pursuing our way, we advanced along Caen wood, the residence of earl Mansfield, once the retreat of Venner the fanatic and his followers, and at early date inhabited by the duke of Argyle. The mansion is a noble structure, and the park made up of graceful undulations, green lawns, spacious sheets of water, strips of woodland, with here an opening, whence a delightful view may be caught, and there a grove whose thickness is impenetrable to the eye. The very image of peace and quiet, it was in 1780 the scene of one of those riotous occurrences, the rare happening of which in the present day is so strong an evidence of the progress of knowledge and civilisation. The fanatical riots fomented, in 1780, by lord George Gordon, extended beyond the precincts of London. The earl of Mansfield was one of the special objects of the popular hatred; his house in Bloomsbury being destroyed, the infuriated mob flew to Ken Wood, through Highgate and Hampstead, both meeting at the Spaniard's, then kept by one Giles Thomas. With singular presence of mind he persuaded the visitors to refresh themselves amply, throwing his house and cellars open, while tubs of strong ale were rolled from the cellars of Ken Wood House to the road side. During the time gained by this diversion messengers were dispatched in search of the military, who arrived in time to save the noble structure, which the multitude had intended to destroy.

With a blue sky above, a hard frosty road beneath our feet, with a stillness and peace and balmy freshness in the air, as unlike as possible to the neighbourhood of a great city, it was delightful to compare 1845 with 1780. As we walked along at a brisk pace, we imagined to ourselves the very different scene which, on the memorable occasion above referred to, that very road had presented, and we re-

flected with satisfaction on the vast progress of enlightenment, which has effected changes so wonderful in the habits and disposition of the people. We now neared Highgate itself, and reaching the summit of its hill felt instantly the effects of its bracing air upon our nerves; our spirits were elevated, our lungs were in healthy play, and for a while, we forgot the thick and smoky atmosphere of London.

Composed only of two long and straggling streets, with one or two petty lanes, Highgate with its environs yet numbers four thousand inhabitants; in fact, visitors are attracted by the salubrity of the climate, in proof of which it is narrated that not one death from the fearful disease occurred in this locality during the great plague, while several hospitals have been at various times erected here in consideration of the clear and exhilarating state of the atmosphere. Our first visit was to the site of the Arch or High Gate, whence the hamlet derived its name. An extract from Norden will afford a very interesting explanation. "The Auncient Highwaie to High Barnet from Portepole, now Grays Inn Lane, was through a lane on the east of Pancras church, called Longwich-lane, from thence leaving Highgate to the west, it passed through Tallingdone-lane, and so to Crouch end, and thence through a Park called Hornsey Great Park to Muswell Hill, Coanie Hatch, Tryarne Barnet, and so to Wetstone. This auncient highwaie was refused of wayfaring men and carriers, by reason of the deapness and dirtie passage, in the winter season. It was agreed between the bishop of London and the countrie that a new way should be laide forth through the said bishop's parties, beginning at Highgate Hill, to lead directly to Wetstone, for which new waie travellers yeeelde a certain tole unto the bishop of London, which is fermed at £40 per annum, and for that purpose was the gate erected in 1836, upon the hill, that through the same all travellers should passe, and be the more aptlie staid for the said tole." Norden further informs us, "The name is derived from the highgate, a gate on the hil." This high gate was an arch, with rooms over it, removed in 1769 in consequence of its lowness preventing the passage of laden wagons.

In connexion with the Gate-house Inn, we must not omit alluding to the Highgate oath.

"Its a custom at Highgate, that all who go through, Must be sworn on the horns, sir! and so sir, must you;
Bring the horns! shut the door! now, sir, take off your hat,
When you come here again, don't forget to mind that."

As late as sixty years ago, when eighty stages stopped daily at the Red Lion Inn,

three out of every five passengers were sworn. Having on some excuse collected them in a room, a pair of horns were introduced, on a long pole, and placed beside the party to be sworn. With his hat off the patient stood before the landlord who repeated these or similar words. "Upstanding and uncovered, silence!" and then entered into a whimsical account of what a man may and may not do with impunity, the only very striking part of which was a certain privilege explained in these words.—"If at any time you are going through Highgate, and you see a pig lying in a ditch, you have liberty to kick her out and take her place; but if you see three lying together, you must only kick out the middle one and lie between the other two." This strange custom is said to have originated in the fact of the gate-house being frequented by graziers, who to exclude strangers, in the event of any new arrival, brought an ox to the door, and allowed none to enter who would not kiss its horns.

There is a peculiar and melancholy satisfaction in wandering about a locality endeared by so many historical recollections. Here, in Arundel House, was imprisoned the lady Arabella Stuart, and hence she escaped. In the same house died the immortal lord Bacon. Cromwell House, a curious and interesting structure, was built by the protector for Ireton, who married one of his daughters; armorial bearings of the general being still seen upon the ceiling of the drawing room. In Lauderdale House dwelt, once upon a time, Nell Gwynne, mother of the first duke of St. Albans. On Highgate hill was baron Thorp beheaded by insurgents in 1461, while lord John Russell, son of Francis, earl of Bedford, Sir Richard Baker, author of "Chronicles of the Kings of England," Andrew Marvel, the countess of Huntingdon, Dr. Sackeverell, Moreland, Coleridge, and many other distinguished personages, spent the greater part of their life in this salubrious spot, most of them ending their days here.

One of the most curious features in the history of Highgate, is its connexion with Sir William Wallace. When, in 1305, that patriotic hero was beheaded on Tower Hill, his remains were temporarily removed to the lodge of Gilbert, earl of Gloucester, at Highgate; here too Robert Bruce, disguised as a Carmelite, remained a long time concealed, until treachery betrayed his retreat to the king. The lodge alluded to was the palace of the bishops of London, and many stirring scenes there took place during the distractions of 1386-97; it being also the locality of the famous necromantic conspiracy against Henry VI.

It is surprising how little is known of

local history by the inhabitants in and about London. Many will doubtless be astonished by the details above given.

Highgate, however, has many sources of interest in the ancient Grammar School, its Dorchester House, and other peculiarities. In early times there existed in Highgate a chapel, concerning which the following observations have been made:

"Could the history of this hermitage be accurately traced, there is little doubt that it would be found to have been one of those cells or humble dwellings which, in the earlier periods of our history, were scattered over the most wild and unfrequented parts of the country; and no part could have been more wild than this—the summit of a steep hill, miles distant from any church, and to which no road conducted: to this hermitage probably a room, or chapel, was attached, where before the cross, or perhaps some image of the tulleary saint, the hermits who occasionally reside there, or pilgrims journeying to our lady of Muswell, offered up their vows, and performed the superstitious ceremonies of their religion." In this chapel we find the origin of the Highgate Grammar School. This hermitage was in the gift of the bishop of London. In 1136, Robert de Bray Crook gave it to one William Lichfield, a poor infirm hermit. The last Highgate hermit was one William Forte. In 1565, the chapel and grounds were granted to the Grammar School; in 1577, regranted, with a reservation of fourpence a year to the crown. To Sir Roger Cholmeley, knight, however, this educational establishment owes its chief prosperity, he at his death devising estates for its support. In 1565, the revenue available for its support was £10 13s. 4d.; in 1634, £20; in 1794, £166. It is curious to see how long the doing of a charitable act will perpetuate a man's memory. The name of one John Martin is often noted in Highgate, he having, in 1574, charged an estate of his with twenty shillings per annum towards paying the schoolmaster's salary, which is received to this day, as well as £1 6s. 8d., left by Jasper Cholmeley. In 1580, one John Dudley also devised £2 per annum. The sum is little in itself; but when we recollect that that small amount has already produced £530 to the school, we more readily appreciate its value.

Originally the school educated but forty boys, but by judicious management, and by receiving a small sum from the additional scholars, the number has been nearly doubled. Many and many a family have reason to bless the name of Robert Cholmeley, when they see their children deriving from his thoughtful care the benefits of a liberal and extended system of

education. The first forty boys pay but one and twenty shillings per annum, those above that number £12 12s.

The Dorchester House was an attempt made by one William Blake, a linen-drafter, previous to 1668, to found an hospital at Highgate, for the education of forty boys and girls. It was never fully carried into effect, though the projector spent £5,000 upon it, and published a book, called "Silver Drops," or "Serious Things," exhorting others to follow his example. The greater part of the day was consumed in visiting the place above-named, I leaving myself no time to examine into other localities and antiquities, which were named to me as equally curious and interesting. Among these I may mention Whittington's stone, on which is inscribed, in letters scarcely now to be distinguished—

"Whittington Stone.

Sir R. Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

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| 1397 | Richard 2nd. |
| 1409 | Henry 4th. |
| 1419 | Henry 5th. |

Sheriff in 1393."

His alms houses were worthy of a visit; as well as Muswell Hill, where "formerly stood a chapel, some time bearing the name of our ladie Muswell, where now Alderman Row hath erected a proper house; the place taketh the name of the well of the hill (House Well Hill), for there is on the hill a spring of faire water, which is within the compass of the house. There was for some time an image of the lady of Muswell, whereunto was a continual resort in the way of pilgrimage, growing, as is (though as I take it, fabulously) reported, in regard of a great cure which was performed by this water upon a king of the Scots, who being strangely diseased, was by some divine intelligence advised to take the water of a well in England, called Muswell, which after long scrutation and inquisition, this well was found and performed the cure." Thus gravely writes old Norden, who, however, goes on to express his doubt of the tale.

As the shades of evening drew in, and the sun sank to rest over the mighty city, we walked down the steep hill, which leads through Kentish Town into the heart of London. For a time the road was shaded by trees and bushes, with here a green land, and there a retired cottage, but soon the busy hum of men, and undying noise of vehicles of every description, the crowds hustling the pedestrian who moves not rapidly along, warned us that we were again in the metropolis. We took refuge in the first cabriolet we espied; and full of thoughts of days gone by, musing of how much local interest is after all attached to the varied

hamlet, if inquired into, we shortly reached the West End, and before a blazing fire, and over our welcome cup of tea (we had dined on the hill) we were speedily discoursing of the wonders to be discovered even from a pilgrimage to Highgate.

ACCESSION OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

Although queen Anne and her ministers were desirous of supporting the interests of the Pretender, yet the feeling of the community was so strong in favour of the house of Hanover, that a clause was inserted in the treaty of Utrecht securing the protestant succession. The Stuarts being expelled by the nearly unanimous sentiment of the country, the house of Brunswick, as descendants of James I, were the only family on whom the succession, under such circumstances, could fall. Their firm attachment to the protestant faith rendered them peculiarly acceptable to the nation, especially as apprehension of the return of the Stuarts and of the resumption of papal influence was not quite obliterated from the public mind. In this observation, it is not intended to insinuate that any individual must, merely because he belongs to a particular family, be more attached to liberty than any other; yet it must be allowed, that the peculiar situation in which the family of the house of Brunswick was placed, made it their interest to preserve inviolate that constitution, for the formation and preservation of which they were called to the throne, and renders it probable that they will preserve it. If the old dynasty had remained to this day, it is more than likely that they would never entirely have lost sight of the power exercised by their ancestors, which they would imagine was their right: in all probability they would have regarded our constitution with dislike and jealousy; and, if a favourable opportunity had presented itself, they would have attempted to regain the power they had lost. Their attacks on the liberty of the people would have been incessant; and although they would have had little chance of succeeding against public opinion, the national mind would have been kept in a constant state of watchfulness, agitation, and apprehension. It must be owned that the supposition that the house of Stuart would have been permitted to remain is improbable; it is only made to show the situation of the nation, and how much its decision was guided by public opinion.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

ENCOUNTER WITH A NATIVE.

Located in a snug house, with a garden teeming with flowers, that reminded one of home, and overlooking a still reach of the Barwon, I found Captain Fyans, of whom I have before spoken. In the course of conversation, pointing to a weapon used by the natives, called a *liangle*, resembling a miner's pick, he said, "I had that driven through my horse's nose, a short time since, by a native, of whom I was in pursuit." As I expressed a desire to be made acquainted with the circumstance, he informed me, that being out with a party of mounted police, in search of some natives who had been committing depredations on the flocks of the settlers, in the neighbourhood of Port Fairay, he suddenly, whilst crossing a valley in advance of his men, came upon the chief of those of whom he was in chase. He, too, was alone; an attack immediately commenced. The native threw his spears, but without effect; and Captain Fyans, finding that the rain had wetted the priming of his pistols, charged to cut him down; but such was his antagonist's dexterity in defending himself with his shield, only a narrow piece of wood, that beyond a few nicks on the fingers, Captain Fyans' sword-cuts were of no avail. Several times he attempted to ride over the native; who, however, doubled himself up in a ball under his shield, and was saved by the natural reluctance of a horse to trample on a prostrate man in going over him. After having been apparently more than once ridden down, the chief managed to drive his *liangle* through the horse's nose, and so firmly that he was unable to withdraw it. The wound inflicted bled so freely that Captain Fyans was obliged to pull up, and the native made his escape. He was not only a fine fellow in conduct, but in person, having a chest, as Captain Fyans expressed it, "like a bullock's." I afterwards learned that he displayed the sword-cuts upon his shield in triumph at some of the sheep-stations.—*Stokes' Australia.*

APHORISMS.

BY J. PETIT SENN.

[From "Blucettes et Boutades."]

Our good actions are often worth more than their motives.

Without grand words, how many persons would say little things!

To yield to those that are wrong is to be twice in the right.

We esteem people less for what they are worth than for what they are worth to us.

There is but one thing which is esti-

mated in heaven by what it costs here, and that is virtue.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, but nothing on earth will kill it.

To judge of a man's virtue by one great action is like measuring his height while he leaps in the air.

The whole world has taken the place of Rome in granting indulgences to the rich.

It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

We pay the services of fools by the right they take of tediously haranguing to us, in the same way that a tree which shelters you from a shower drops upon you long after it has ceased.

It is easy to conceive why egotists find the world so ugly—they only see themselves.

Things themselves change less than our manner of looking at them.

The remembrance of a beloved mother becomes the shadow of all our actions; it neither goes before or follows.

There are some men so rascally that it is only the fear of showing them our pockets that prevents us turning our backs upon them.

The sun never enlightens all parts of our bodies at the same time, neither can reason illumine all sides of the mind at once.

We are never sufficiently important in our own eyes to cease imposing affections upon others.

It may be very well to tell us to walk quietly through the world without arousing hate or envy, but what is to be done when they never sleep?

By constantly refusing required services with the extreme of grace, some people really acquire quite a reputation for amiability.

In most discussions we love ourselves better than our cause, and seek less to have it valued than ourselves.

If our future life were not better than this, it would be less a promise than a threat.

Love is an extreme—to love less is to love no more.

It is as difficult for a young woman to know she is ugly as to be ignorant of her beauty.

Many a man full of excellent qualities wants the particular one which brings them all into play.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE OCEAN.

[By the author of "Rural Sonnets."]

The good ship swims along the heaving tides;
The limitless all-highway, where the ocean
Types the perpetual with its ceaseless motion;
And, like some lithe, enormous serpent, glides;
Some palpitating monster, in its girth,
Voluminously circling round the earth.
The breezes stiffen as the ship careers,
Instinct with speed and beauty, o'er the deep;
A myst'ry of volition it appears,
And onward, of its innate force, to sweep;
Its mighty pinions o'er th' abyss extended,
Their rushing strange yet musical to hear.
As, with the piping of the wind, 'tis blended,
And rolling of the world of waters far and near.

Lo, Fancy giveth chase—and moonbeams round
her,
Wrap, in a glitt'ring halo, and serene,
The sea swift barque the Nautilus hath found her,
By magic amplified to waft the queen,
Who, with her clear kaleidoscopic vision,
Adjusts the seeming rugged into grace;
And, in theauteous, with divine precision,
More beauty than is obvious loves to trace.
The vessel's deck is seal'd—upon it stand
Some stalwart hearts of oak, to quaff the
breeze,
And gaze refreshingly upon the seas,
And bask in light, unknown on "lubber land."
Friends, too, who voyage forth, are summon'd there,
Beauty and manhood, both, the brilliant scene to
share.

Drink deeply, while ye may, the skydown flood
Of argent splendour, and its mirror'd lustre;
The clouds, before the windy currents, scud,
Huge, as leviathans in shoals, they muster;
Spreading a thunder-pall across the skies,
Evoking darkness o'er the depths to rise.
But, blacker as it scowls, a brightness groweth
Beside them, and behind, how brightly cast,
Where the wing'd rider of the billow showeth
Its imprint—passing, or where it hath pass'd—
As tho' the galaxy, from yonder sphere,
When certain'd out, were wave attracted here.

For, as its rapid course the vessel cleaveth,
Innum'rous round the prow, the foam jets leap,
Then, towards the track the fleet Ondasher leaveth,
Sheiv'd by its sides, in coruscations sweep:
Looks it not like some sea-volcano's spume
Mantling, with glossy sheen, the wat'ry waste?
Or lava of quicksilver, 'midst the gloom,
Black'ning around, self-luminously trac'd?
See, as its length outstretcheth, to the eye,
Tho' we fly from it—it appears to fly,
Now, gorg'd with scatt'ring shot, a gun, made
tight,
Is level'd from the sternchase—slop'd to rake!
The kindled surface of the war-ship's wake—
Boom!—from its phosphor'd crest, fly myriad
splinters bright;

As stars were struck to atoms, lightning swift,
E'en as they scintillate, to flash away.
When ever was the poet with the gift
To paint in full, what truth would have him
say?
These, on the sternward view! But now, around,
On ev'ry side, the thunder drops let fall,
In globules all lucescent rebound,
As, quarrelling, the winds bring on a squall,
Which into foam the water-gems doth blow,
And calls the dagger'd lightnings to the fray,
Beneath night's ebony pall their part to play,
And drives the lady voyagers below,
Where, snug in cabin'd berths, asleep from harm,
They shall renew the scene, unmix'd with all
alarm.

Hood's Magazine for June.

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

[From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

CHAPTER XI. (continued.)

Profound silence prevailed. The Duke d'Useda bit his lips with rage, and Ferdinand, after waiting a few minutes to collect his ideas, said: "Sire, you have among your subjects a faithful and industrious people, who now constitute the riches of the kingdom of Valencia and Grenada. We know something of this, we barons and landed proprietors," he added, glancing at the Duke of Lerma, "for if they were driven away, our lands would remain uncultivated, there would be no purchasers for our manufactures, and misery and ruin would shortly succeed in the place of the wealth which is now so extensively prevalent. Your majesty will doubtless perceive that I allude to your subjects the Moors of Spain."

Don Sandoval and the Duke of Lerma were startled; but Ribeira, who had hitherto remained so silent as to appear not to notice what was passing, leaped from his seat, and, in spite of the signs made to him by the chief inquisitor, could scarcely repress his impatience to reply. Don Fernando proceeded: "Reports, vague rumours, whose origin cannot be traced, have been for some time in circulation;" here the inquisitor cast a look of reproach on Ribeira; "and notwithstanding their apparent incredibility, they have already been the means of spreading far and wide distrust and fear among a whole people, who till then had been solely occupied in the cultivation of the soil, or in efforts in their commercial pursuits to increase the demand for Spanish merchandize. Fears, no doubt without foundation, pervade all quarters; no longer trusting to the future, and disquieted as to the present aspect of affairs, they anxiously watch the course of events. Their manufactures are worked without spirit, and will perhaps be shortly stopped entirely. I am persuaded, sire, you have only to give your royal promise, to cause a revival of trade. Let but a royal proclamation be published in Spain, promising security in person and estate to the Moors, and the supplies which your minister may require will be immediately forthcoming, without the necessity of imposing a single tax, as a voluntary gift, as a marriage portion, offered with joy to the queen of Spain, Margaret of Austria, by her faithful subjects. I, Fernando d'Albayda, will pass my word for the truth of what I say."

"You are then their friend and protec-

tor," cried Ribeira, greatly agitated; "and instead of converting the Philistines, they have made a convert of you. You hear him, signor; the plague has spread all over Israel!"

"Nothing will make me forget my duty to God and to my king," answered the young man, with firmness; "but neither my God nor my king command me to swerve from the truth, and I therefore frankly state the facts that have come under my observation. I have only seen among the Moors of Valencia industrious, orderly men, active and laborious citizens."

"Who are to be feared," said Ribeira, "for they will soon become possessors of all the property in the country, for they are a hard-working, industrious, and economical people. Shut out from service in the army, deprived of the happiness of having convents, their population is daily increasing, while ours is diminishing. They have leisure to study, to become more learned and enlightened than us."

"You are stating what redounds most to their credit," observed Fernando d'Albayda, respectfully.

"No," answered the priest, with animation; "but I wish, and it is my duty, to warn your majesty and the council against the advantages, or rather the bad gifts, which they derive from the evil spirit, for the destruction of Spain."

"The project of which I spoke," said Fernando, with alarm, "is not chimerical. You have already had your thoughts directed to it."

"No," exclaimed anxiously the inquisitor, in great alarm at the turn the discussion had taken, "no, nobody here, young man, but yourself, gives it a thought."

"I?" replied Fernando, gaining confidence; "how could your excellency suppose a project (I will not only say so fatal and barbarous, but also so absurd) to enter my head?"

"Absurd!" echoed the archbishop of Valencia, touched on his most susceptible point; "absurd! Does your majesty permit blasphemy to be uttered in the royal presence, and that heretics, not content merely with opposition to the word of God, venture to turn it into derision? Misfortune will come upon all—misfortune will happen to Spain. God, who inspires me, forewarned me of it. Spain is on the eve of a disastrous period, and the shield of the Almighty is about to be withdrawn from her, since the impious are already triumphant, and rejoice in their misdeeds."

"What have I done?" soliloquised the affrighted Fernando.

The king, confounded at the events which were passing around him, was occupied with nearly the same thoughts; but on the Duke of Lerma saying a few words

to him in an under tone, he said, gravely: "Dismiss your fears, father; and you also, signor Fernando. We will think at leisure on what we have just heard."

"And we will cause right to be done, when the occasion requires it," added the minister; "but his majesty does not intend at present that any measures be taken resulting from this discussion. We have now to read the despatches that have just arrived," added he, pointing to a bundle of despatches sealed with a black seal, that a cabinet messenger had just brought. The minister opened the letters, read them to himself, and, less master of his feelings than Philip II, who never betrayed by his countenance his joy or grief, he could not conceal from the eyes of those who were watching his countenance the paleness which became manifest. "His grace was right," said he, with gravity; "the hand of God lays heavily on Spain; the Irish expedition has not succeeded; the English have conquered."

"My uncle is dead," ejaculated Fernando, in despair.

"Is our army destroyed?" asked Sandoval, gravely.

"The news is yet more humiliating to the Spanish arms," continued the minister, holding down his head. "Don Juan d'Aguilar and the whole army surrendered without striking a blow."

"Impossible!" said Fernando; "d'Aguilar is innocent; he is calumniated."

The minister banded the letter to the king, remarking coolly, "It is from Count Lemos, my brother-in-law."

"The Count is mistaken," exclaimed Fernando, with much warmth.

"My uncle of Lemos has always the best information," said Count Useda, with a sardonic grin; "he never allows himself to be imposed upon; and I implicitly rely upon his statements."

"And I confidently rely upon d'Aguilar's honour," replied Fernando; "and without requiring any further information, I maintain that a Spanish nobleman is incapable of surrendering without resistance. A person who would believe such a report would have so acted himself."

"But I have said I believe it," cried Useda, turning pale.

"And I maintain my assertion," answered Fernando, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"In the royal presence!" ejaculated the Duke of Lerma, with indignation. Philip and the whole of the court attendants rose simultaneously.

"Pardon me, sire! pardon me!" exclaimed Fernando, falling on his knees before his sovereign.

The king motioned to him to leave the chamber. Fernando prepared to obey his

command, walked a few paces towards the door, and was about to pass through, when he said in a subdued tone to Count Useda, who was close to him, "Shall I go out alone, sir?" The Count was advancing to follow him, when, having caught the eye of the Duke de Lerma, he desisted from his purpose, and Fernando went away, filled with rage and despair. On his arrival at his hotel, he saw Yesid d'Alberique, his friend, and the companion of his boyhood. Yesid was son of Alaric Delascar d'Alberique, the richest Moor of Grenada and Valencia. Descended from the tribe of Abencerrages and of the royal blood, he was a student at Cordova at the same time as Fernando. Both had taken up their abodes in the beautiful country of Valencia—Fernando at the seat of his ancestors, Yesid in the noble mansion on the estate which his father had cultivated. Fernando, after the manner of the Spanish nobility, chose the army for his profession. Yesid, who was excluded from such a career, had devoted his life to the study of the arts and sciences, which the Arabs his ancestors had pursued with such remarkable success. His father's wealth enabled him to live in splendour, while his own labour and studies had made his life useful, and the enjoyment of friendship had proved an addition to his happiness. Fernando had become as a brother to him; he was beloved by all the Moors of Valencia, for this Spanish nobleman was the friend of Yesid, who was the idol of their worship. He was the descendant of Abderrama and Almanzor, and both appeared to live again in him. Yesid, then living at Madrid with his friend, has just received a letter for Fernando from his father, who was in Valencia, and he handed it to him at the very moment in which the latter, with a vivid recollection of the scene which had just passed in the council chamber of the king, related it to Yesid, whilst he was breaking the seal of the letter. It came from his uncle Don Juan d'Aguilar, and ran thus: "I am in Spain, concealed in a place of safety; for I must justify myself and confound my enemies, which I could not do if I fell into their power. The generous and devoted friend who has, in order to serve me, run the risk to which he is exposed by carrying to you this letter, alone knows my hiding-place: depart and seek him."

"This generous friend," said Fernando, "is your father. I will hasten this moment to Valencia, to join him."

"And I also," added Yesid, "I will not leave you."

Fernando pressed his hand, in grateful acknowledgment of his kindness; but collecting himself, said: "With regard to Useda, whom I have set at defiance, and

who doubtless will call me out, can I leave thus? can I run away secretly, without stating where I am going? Shall I not appear to him to merit myself the appellation of coward, which I bestowed upon him? No, no; I must remain; and yet my uncle calls for and expects me."

At this instant there was a loud knocking at the door of the hotel.

"It is Uседа and his friends," said Yesid.

"So much the better; this is most opportune. We will set out after we have fought; all we have to do is to make haste. All I dread is the Spanish gravity of Uседа; there is so much ceremony and delay before coming to blows. Ah, first let me tear that letter."

He had just finished its destruction, when the door opened, and an officer of the palace, with a guard of soldiers, entered. The officer, removing his hat with much ceremony, said: "Which of you gentlemen is Baron Fernando d'Albayda?"

Fernando anticipated Yesid, who was about to pass himself off for him, by laying his hand on his breast, and saying: "What is your pleasure, captain?"

"To require you, in the king's name, to give up your sword, and to inform you that you are my prisoner, and must follow me this instant. All resistance is useless," he continued, on observing a look of hesitation and despair on the countenance of his friend, who, understanding the cause of his inquietude, said: "I will set out for you, and what you were to have done, my friend, I swear to perform for you."

Fernando then turned to the officer, and said: "Sir, I am ready to follow you; but I wish to say one word to you. Have you heard from Don Juan d'Aguilar, who commanded the Spanish army in Ireland?"

"I only know, sir knight, the rumours that are afloat."

"And what are they?"

"That the general is condemned to death, and his estate is forfeited."

Overwhelmed with grief at the news, the friends embraced, and Yesid whispered: "While I live, rely upon me; and do not give way to despair, whatever may be the aspect of affairs."

Fernando descended the staircase, escorted by the military guard. The captain got into a carriage with him, which was driven towards the prisons of Valladolid. As to Yesid, followed by his trusty Hassan, he mounted Haled, his valuable Arab steed, and galloped off to Valencia.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? Take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will anything annoy you.

WESTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION—MEXICO.

Last night a lecture was delivered in the theatre of the above institution, by Mr. Percy B. St. John, on "Mexico as it is." Mr. St. John is a gentleman well able to discourse on such a subject, from the many opportunities it appears he has had of personally surveying the country. The lecture comprised an interesting account of the constitution, armies, people, commerce, &c., of Mexico. In speaking of the people, the lecturer stated that since the days of their last emperor they had been in a constant state of rebellion; that often a president started, at the head of his army, to war or to quell an insurrection, when the first news he heard would be that the people had revolted, and he was deposed; his place filled in many cases by a mortal enemy; and that he was also extirpated. The people by this means never knew under what government they were; consequently the greater portion of them, according to the lecturer, were little better than thieves, vagrants, and idlers, who spent their time in gambling or basking in the sun; their chief means of subsistence was by begging or stealing, for they would never work; their clothing was usually an old blanket. The passion for gambling was so strongly rooted in them, that they would often play for the blanket which covered them, and the lecturer said that a miserable wretch may be seen at dusk creeping to his loathsome hole, and there lie until he found means of obtaining another blanket. The crime of murder, too, was frequent among them, though it was of a less premeditated character than in many other countries. A powerful contrast to the dirt-begrimed Mexican, who most likely had not used soap and water since his birth, was presented by the Indians who supply the markets; thither they wend their way early in the morning in small canoes, scrupulously neat and clean, and after having disposed of their wares, eggs, fowls, fresh meat, &c., return quietly to their homes. The great cause, however, of this demoralisation among the Mexicans might be traced to the clergy; the priests, instead of teaching, were usually in the gambling shops, and on Sunday, instead of preaching from the pulpit, spent that holy day in gaming. They also professed that it was not lawful for a priest to marry, but nevertheless, they took wives. It was, therefore, hardly to be wondered that the inhabitants were thieves and beggars, when those spiritual guides who ought to have proved checks were themselves participators in the worst of crimes. The army, Mr. St. John stated, consisted of nearly 40,000, mostly volunteers, drawn to the

standard by the inducement of several good meals a day, and a suit of regimentals. There was one redeeming point, however, in the inhabitants, the lecturer said, and that was the ladies, who were in some cases very beautiful, though this was sometimes marred by the habit they have of incessant smoking; they were, however, all tender hearted, kind, and gentle, and the life and property of many an Englishman, Scot, and Irishman, had been saved by their means and intervention. The lecture was pretty well attended.—*Advertiser.*

THE GHOST OF NEW YORK.

BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

Whoever has sailed up or down the East River in a fog, or driven to Hallet's Cove, Long Island, on a dusty day, or walked on the Third Avenue in the moonlight, has been beset by the vision of a great white tower, rising, ghost-like, in the air, and holding all the neighbourhood in subjection to its repose and supernatural port. The Shot-Tower is a strange old fellow, to be sure! 'Spote of that incessant buzzing in his head, he holds himself as high and grandly, as though he hadn't the trouble of making shot for the six-and-twenty United States. He never dozes or nods, even in the summer noon; nor does he fall asleep in the most crickety nights, but winks, with that iron top of his, at all the stars, as they come up, one by one; and outwatches them all. There he is, gaunt and clean, as a ghost in a new shroud, every day in the year. Build as you may, old Gotham. Hammer and ding and trowel on all sides of him if you choose,—you cannot stir him an inch, nor sully the whiteness in which he sees himself clothed, in that pure glass of his of Kipp's Bay! If you have seen him once, you know him always. A sturdy Shot-Tower to be sure!—and go where you will, you carry him with you. He is the ghost of New York, gone into the suburbs to meditate on the wickedness of mankind, and haunt the Big City, in many a dream of war, and gun-shot wounds, and pattering carnage, when she falls asleep.

And can you see him from the back steps of the City-Hall? Not with the naked eye; but Lankey Fogle standing there, once on a time, had him present to him, and shook at the very thought. He had just come down from the witness-stand, within, and was pausing at the porch, when he was of a sudden smitten on the shoulder, and he heard, audibly, a voice say to him:

"Meet me by the Shot-Tower, at twelve to-night!"

A voice, but nobody; for he looked about promptly, and down the steps, and back through the Hall. No one visible; but he knew the voice, and had a mind—yes, he was forced to have a mind to obey it. Lankey Fogle had the Shot-Tower in fear; but he must go. His hat pressed close upon his eyes—eye-brow and brim were part each of the other; a faded blue coat, out at elbows, the broad wrists hanging over his hand; shuffling shoes; and Lankey a little man, withal: he descended the steps slowly, struck across the Park, by the angle of the Post-office, and stood on the brow of Chatham-street, towards the square. The Jews were as thick, with their gloomy whiskers, as blackberries; the air smelt of old coats and hats, and the sideways were glutted with dresses and over-coats and little, fat, greasy children. There were countrymen moving up and down the street, horribly harassed and perplexed, and every now and then falling into the hands of one of these fierce-whiskered Jews, carried into a gloomy cavern, and presently sent forth again, in a garment, coat or hat or breeches, in which he might dance and turn his partner, to-boot.

Lankey Fogle plunged down the declivity.

"A coat, sir?"

"Won't you, now, a new under-tog?"

"That 'ere hat!"

"This way, sir, we're the No Mistake!"

And as he slipped out of their hands—

"Cotton-baggin', sir, to fill out?"

"My eyes! there's holes for a ratter!"

"He'll be a wreck, I say, 'fore he reaches the square—he'll never live past Roosevelt—my 'ord for it!"

A soft strain of the flute floated from a back-room, as his figure passed the door, joined by a mellow, low whistle, which are, it is supposed, integral parts of speech in the dialect of Jewry.

Lankey glided along, wrapped up in his coat and inner meditations, for it was nearing night; but it was of a truth as much as he was worth to get himself clear of the young barbarians who hung upon his shirts, as he passed along, and nearly brought them away. It was a bad case certainly, for the sun getting toward a level, shot through and through his apparel, passing in at an elbow and coming out at the hand; or piercing him through, from back to breast, as he turned; till every dusty corner of Lankey was lighted up with a sort of dim splendour.

And when he came by the theatre (the Chatham), the case was worse than all, for he was set upon from the area of the theatre by a swarm of fly-away boys, with—

"Lankey! which way, now?"

"I say, Lankey Fogle, where are you larking to?"

"Come in, will you? Kirby on the top round."

"Yes, yes, he's in the big bellows to-night. We'll treat you to a go!"

"And peanuts besides!"

"Keep off, will you, you young serpents!" And he glanced from under his rim.

"Why, what on earth's the matter now! Lankey in a huff!"

"Three cheers for Lankey in a huff!"

The air was cracked with a small storm of cheers, which blowing over, they renewed their game; but Lankey stood firm; and when they had all run up to him with a question and a close look in his face, and twisted him round on his heels by the arm, he passed on, and reached the square, thinking of the old white Shot-Tower, and the figure it would make by the time he got there, toward the round hour of night.

He was in the elbow, turning to cross the long walk, when he was called by name. He looked up; it was the little Franklin Theatre, abutting the burying-ground, you know, with all its golden letters blotted out, its balcony for the pretty actresses to stand in razed away, its little snug box-office crushed, and the heart and soul of it, in the shape of foot-lights and curtains, taken out; it was a second-hand shop, when Lankey looked up at it, and a mysterious little man standing in an upper window winked at Lankey, and uttered in a low voice:

"All right!"

Lankey looked at him with astonishment written out on his countenance in magnificent large text.

"I say, it's all right!"

The devil it is, thought Lankey; and looked again.

"I say, it's all right," a third time; this time with a knock on the crown of his hat.

Lankey smiled scornfully on the mysterious man, and moved on; he had a new motive for speed.

There was Doyer-street, yet; and if he could get past that once, all would be well. But Doyer-street is a queer street, we all know; so crooked, and gad-about, and whimsical. Ten chances to one if a man enter it at one end with his head on his shoulders it be not turned about by the time he is fairly out at the other. Doyer-street was not born like other streets, in the commissioner's office, but was laid, so to speak, at the door of the square, exposed to the tender mercies, dependant on the charities of chance-comers (for every man is father to this disinterested little by-way,) to give it a stone or a touch of a kerb! The eye of the druggist's red bottle was

bloodshot, at the corner, for one thing; and there was a melancholy old woman carrying in a bunch of eels with their heads down for another! But Lankey Fogle had a hop, and as sure as there's white light from the moon, he cleared it at a moderate run.

When Lankey stood fairly at the mouth of the Bowery, he looked far away up its broad path as if he could see, looming up on its line, that ugly old Shot-Tower; that everlasting ghost of a tower, that go where he would, was in Lankey Fogle's eye, without an eyestone to take it out. But he saw instead, this time, how, moved by a patriotism out of bounds, the whole air about this other theatre was indescribably hung with flags; a general hanging out, there seemed to be, of all the bunting of the country. The rope was strong; the flags were thick; and they waved away, shutting out the sky and making a better heaven for the East Bowery gazers to look up at and live under.

And Black Vulture, that marvellous steed, how he came down the great, black, gaping precipice, upon the bills, striking the printer's ink from his heels, like fire! And the patriotic Putnam, how he held on and clinched his teeth and set his hat fiercely a-cock! The bills were huge and yellow, and the type 'uncommon' large; and how the ragamuffins plunged down the steps, and the muffin-eaters rushed up! Lankey Fogle's resolution shook within him; his feet quivered in his shoes with doubt; and he was on the eve of throwing himself in the wake of a chimney-sweeper down the pit-entrance, when, looking straight before him, at the bill, his eye, in spite of itself, fell upon a portentous "Beware."

It was enough: he hurried on as though the devil were at his back. And although now and then accosted by a Bowery boy with a rough hand, and run against in token of affectionate recognition by a big vagabond, Lankey, all things considered, made good speed; and, before he well knew it, was out upon the Avenue; and then he began to quake.

He had not gone many steps in this direction when an arm was quietly thrust into his own; and he found himself marching abreast of a stranger. He looked around. The stranger was a short man in a dusty coat, with a red, blossomy nose. What was the stranger's business with Lankey Fogle?

There was a mighty din upon the Avenue, and it was not easy to tell. The hard riders were coming in from Harlem, and the road roared with the spinning of wheels, and the air was thick with flying dust. There were men, solitary, in little gossamer-built sulkies, who seemed borne

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along on the air itself: and men in couples in light waggons; and hard-drinking parties of four in barouches; and gentlemen far gone in close coaches; all in tremendous speed as if some great event were coming off immediately, a mile or two ahead, and they bound to be there at the peril of their lives. Then they were mightily bothered by men on horseback, who taking each the footpath at the side of the road, laid themselves out on their horses and swept everything clean before them. Then by great lumbering butcher-boys, who, on shambling cart-horses, came down the Avenue in troops, allowing themselves to be tossed about the road like so many hulks fallen into an eddy they could not manage; scrambling hay-carts, with the hay off, returning, and running their scraggy poles and shelving into the ribs of travellers, without the slightest reference to utility or ornament.

So, with all they had a hard time of it, Lankey and the stranger. But they had got by this time at the cross-road that strikes off to Cato's; and there began to be prospect of conversation; and happy that there was, for Lankey Fogle was smarting for it.

"Sir!" said the stranger, turning full upon Lankey at a point where they began to have a glimpse of the Tower, "this is the most important event of your life!"

Lankey did not deny it.

"It involves the destiny," continued the stranger, "the destiny, I say, of you and your posterity to the latest generation."

The proposition was laid down, and no one opposed it.

"Whether the hopes of mankind are to be blighted by the course you shall adopt to-night, remains to be seen!"

It did.

"Remains to be seen," he resumed; "And how far you are worthy of the trust reposed in you—"

Their noses were close together; and they watched each other like dogs.

"By the confiding and generous Joseph."

Lankey Fogle seized his hand.

"I understand you," said Lankey—"enough said!"

The stranger buttoned his coat and went into a small pot-house by the road-side. Lankey Fogle took the road again, as far as Cato's, and was forced to go in: it was not the Cato's of infancy, the Cato's governed by that venerable and worthy and dusky man, in his little cropped pate and clean apron: when stages from far countries (Rye, and Sawpitts, and Danbury, and Cross River), came jingling, with their merry chains, to the door; the driver dismounted, and the inside gentlemen dismounted, and there was a mighty bringing out of lemonade and crackers and sugar-biscuit to be tendered in the most gallant style, to the green-veiled beauties within.

No, no, that Cato's was gone away; a great grave had been digged for that, a clean white cloth had been spread over it, and it was buried beyond resurrection. That Cato's had been launched on the stream of time and had gone backward, like an ark of peace and comfort, and true jollity, sailing to whence it could not return. But there stood the great white Tower over the way; reproaching it silently for parting company: for tavern and tower they had known each other from the corner stone: and Lankey Fogle hurried in, for he thought the old Tower somehow or other stooped his back to the very door of the new Cato's, to see what kind of nonsense could be going on there now that the old soul was gone.

Lankey called for a small toddy, hot-and-hot.

The landlord brought it himself.

"A queer night this," said the landlord.

Lankey Fogle took a long pull.

"A skimmery shimmery night, sir," pursued the landlord.

Another pull toward the bottom.

"The Shot-Tower has been busy as a bee all day to-day; and—such a singing as he's kept up!"

Lankey Fogle admitted it by his manner of setting down the glass.

He went out very quietly, winking at the landlord in a sleepy way; at which the landlord, in turn, shook his head. As he got into the road again, a great hay-cart was passing, so high piled up, that the moon now abroad, seemed to be sleeping in its top among the fresh-mown blades. His heart sunk within him. He entered the great gate at the Mount Vernon school, where the trotting-course used to be. He passed through the orchard.

There was a great about behind him; it was the city leaving off its work, with a cheer. There was a mighty blaze in the sky: the city lighting up for the night. How green the grass was!—how it sparkled and winked and laughed in the clear moonshine! But there was a shadow on it now—a huge shadow, made neither by man, nor house, nor tree: it was the dark side of the old Shot-Tower; and when Lankey looked up, how wickedly and wilfully, cool and self-possessed, that old white ghost of a tower held himself! Not inquisitive, not overbearing, but scandalously calm and indifferent. Lankey Fogle was alarmed, much more than if he had pitched himself head-foremost into Lankey's waistcoat, and offered downright fight; and when he saw in its shadow a figure leaning down and delving the earth—he leaped the fence! Was it to keep his appointment, or fly from it?

Whichever it was, who could blame him?

Reviews.

The Blackgown Papers. By L. Mariotti.
Wiley and Putnam.

[From *The Athenæum*.]

Though Signor Mariotti's entire mastery over English—even to the point of writing burlesque verse, in the modern Hudibrastic style of the Ingoldsby Legends—entitles him to take a place among our authors, we observe with pleasure that he has not laid by the Italian. Denationalised persons are apt to lose their own sincerity, as well as their power to interest others. A Heine becomes insufferable when he chooses to trick himself out in all the vagaries of "Young France." Now, except for an occasional resolution to be too personal, and to carry out too far sympathies and antipathies which could only be imbibed from the coterie influences of London, Signor Mariotti keeps his individuality as unbroken as heart could desire. He will not thank us for saying so; but his American preamble to his collection of miscellaneous Italian tales, as little approaches anything that American authors have given us, as one of Penry Williams's Campagna scenes resembles a background to one of Audubon's triumphant turkeys, or "Snipes in a leafy solitude." Let us give one extract to show Signor Mariotti's value as a witness to well-known matters. Who would not be glad of a series of pictures of Italian society—in spite of Lord Byron's well-remembered declaration that "the Italians have no society"—from the hand which can so vividly paint the humours of the Vegliione, or the funeral obsequies of The Carnival, at Parma?

"Enter: the stage has been joined to the pit, so as to form an immense dancing-hall. This ducal theatre, erected by the royal munificence of the reigning duchess, Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, Ex-Empress of France, is wider than the Italian opera-house in London. It is all glittering with marble and gold, glaring and blazing with ten thousand tapers, flashing and dazzling like the palace of the sun. The moment you enter, you are absorbed and engulfed by the crowd—a mere drop in a vast ocean of life. Whoever ventures into this place is understood to forfeit the use of his legs, of his arms, of his free will. The crowd is divided into two vast currents, the one ascending, the other descending; with the one you must ebb, with the other flow. It takes three or four hours for an able-bodied man to make the tour of the hall, borne by the tide. A steamer of four hundred horse power would not be able to stem it. If you only come here as a spectator, and if a thronged place is not too much to your taste, you will do well to

go and take your seat by the side of that fair young countess, whom you see there behind a screen in her box on the ground floor, almost on a level with the pit, and close upon the sorely beset entrance. Who that same lovely countess may be, you shall learn by-and-bye. Meanwhile, thank your stars, and make yourself at home with her. You need no introduction, in carnival. The boxes, six tiers of which encompass the whole building, offer a secure haven from the tempest that is roaring beneath. Females of rank and education are understood, many dutiful daughters and wives solemnly promise their respective parents and consorts, never to set their foot on the heated pit-boards. In those tranquil recesses, secure against all profane intrusion, they sit, like so many Madonnas in their shrines, in all the glory of their charms, stared at, bowed at, fired at by a thousand eye-glasses, and, in their turn, courtseying, coquetting, tittering, and waving their fans—those telegraphic conveyers of female intelligence. Every box-door is wide open. Strangers never seen before, never afterwards to be seen, are entitled, masked or unmasked, to call. Every box is a kind of diminutive drawing-room, in which every lady holds an universal levee. Behind every box is a room ten feet by eight, with tiny sofas, and a tiny table, on which all the luxuries of Italian confectionary are hospitably spread. You find there the rich sponge-cake, the nun's own sweetmeats, and the more fashionable *maringue*, with, perhaps, a couple of bottles of *Vino d'Asti*, a sparkling wine, far more palatable, and not less racy and piquant than the choicest champagne. At last, however, want of air and exercise, ennui, curiosity, the excitement of the enrapturing strains of the orchestra, and, above all, the artful insinuations of flattering cavaliers, and the irresistible force of example, have power to shake the determination even of the most reserved prude, and they allow themselves to be tempted, persuaded, and almost carried away by storm, but only for a few seconds, into the hall. Once launched into the surging eddies of that *mare magnum*, willing or unwilling, they are forced away by the stream, and their mammæ are lucky enough if they can get them back again safe and sound, though a little the worse for rumpling and tumbling, by daylight. For it is a fact, for which I shall by no means presume to account, that ladies, even the most gentle and delicate, are, in Italy—and if in Italy alone, let the crush-room testify—desperately fond of a squeeze. A mighty squeeze to be sure is here. Your eyes grow dizzy and ache as you look down upon the swarming arena. The whole house is reeling and quaking, throbbing and panting, with the frantic joy of that

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giddy carousal. The harsh sound of thousands of voices, the shrill, Punch-like crowing of the *coucous*; the hideous *charviari* of mock pipers and fiddlers, and swelling over all the full notes of a military band; with the occasional rolling and clattering of the iron-wheeled chariot of the *Montagnes Russes*; all this comes to your ears blended in a wild appalling clamour resembling the roar of a hurricane."

'Aurelia' is, we doubt not, to be relied on, in regard to both fact and feeling, as a tale of Carbonarism in the University at Pavia. 'Morello, or the Organ Boy's Progress,' is seasonable, as an appeal in behalf of those melancholy little nuisances, the street musicians,—many of whom, the tale reminds us, are kidnapped, and cruelly treated when brought to England. 'Maria Stella' is a romantic bandit story:—like the above, stamped with a certain impress of nationality, which rescues it from the common-places of melodrama. We could praise more highly yet 'The Legend of San Niccolò de Bari,'—which, indeed, as a piece of English verse in the free-and-easy style, is extraordinary,—but for the intolerable repulsiveness of the catastrophe.

Vital Magnetism. By Mrs. Lavinia Jones.

[W. B. Broad and Co., Salisbury.]

We can only say of the writer of this pamphlet that she is either an impostor or a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum. Neither sex nor age will arrest us in an unflinching exposure of impudent quackery, and the greatest quackery of this quackish age is mesmerism. No sane individual will require any further argument upon this pamphlet after the following:—

'*Case of severe Ear-ache.*—I went to a cottage on business, and found a young woman sitting by the fire suffering sadly from violent ear-ache. Her eyes were swollen with crying, her face fevered, and she sat with her hand nursing her ear covered with hot cloths, &c. I went up to her, and after talking a little to her, pointed to the ear. (!!) She was thoroughly unconscious as to what I was about, having her head turned from me. In less than five minutes she dropped her hand. I asked her what she did that for? She smiled, and I continued. Presently she got up, and said the pain was gone. She went up stairs, and left me wondering if it was true; but she has had no ear-ache since. It is now several months."

If there be a word of truth in this, what had Mrs. Jones's pointing at the ear to do with the cessation of aching?

The Gatherer.

Things Lost for Ever.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time!—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Restoration of Charles II.—The people were so exhausted by the turbulence and increased taxation of the Protector's government, and so disgusted by the moroseness and fanaticism which characterised the Commonwealth, that the royal family's return was unwisely identified with a return of prosperity, cheerfulness, and tranquillity. In the transport of this anticipation, their inconsiderate joy was boundless. Charles's welcome to London was expressed with acclamations more vehement than ever greeted a Roman conqueror in his triumphant procession to the Capitol. The people, however, before long, found that they had only lost one tyrant and got another: to a morose, fanatical usurper, had succeeded a legitimate king, who by sallies of wit masked his tendency to despotism. Gaiety, indeed, had returned; but it was gaiety hand-in-hand with profligacy. The court was audaciously shameless and irreligious; and society, in general, took its tone from the sovereign. Manners, morals, and costumes, copied from the court of France, were everywhere prevalent; and even our national literature became gallicised. Charles, who had learned nothing by adversity, which has been sometimes styled the school of princes, brought home with him from exile a determination to seize the first opportunity of pushing the royal prerogative to as intolerable an extent as it had been carried by the Tudors. Meanwhile, the country was demoralised, and public opinion enervated by luxury.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Backing a Friend.—A New Englander, riding in a railway car, seemed particularly disposed to astonish the other passengers with tough stories about Yankeedom. At last he mentioned that one of his neighbours owned an immense dairy, and made a million pounds of butter and a million of cheese yearly. This story produced some sensation; and the Yankee, perceiving that his veracity was in danger of being questioned, appealed to a friend as follows:—"True, isn't it, Mr. P.? I speak of Deacon Brown—you know Deacon Brown?" "Y-e-s," replied the friend;

"that is, yes; I know Deacon Brown; I don't know as I ever heard precisely how many pounds of butter and cheese he makes a year, but I know that he has twelve saw-mills that go by buttermilk."

Importance of Listening well.—It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good breeding; whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of christian feeling can never be devoid. To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consists. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please to form a style of our own. The "art of conversation" is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentlewoman will gently sympathise with the speaker; or, if needs must be, differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with "Yes, yes. Very good. Ah!" Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is, at intervals, produced, and all the company turns round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention, and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.—*Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society.*

Wild Honey Gathering.—Wild honey, or as the natives call it, "choogar bag," is collected by a small stingless bee, not so large as the common fly. The honey-nest is generally found at the summit of remarkably high trees. When the lynx-eyed native discovers it from below, there he will stand, with his head up, making a dead point at it until it is attained by his gin, who immediately begins with a small tomahawk, and by a rapid action of the wrist, to cut a notch in the bark of the tree large enough for her great toe to rest upon. Winding her left arm round the body of the tree, she adroitly raises her-

self to this notch; and there rests the ball of the great toe, of the right foot. She then cuts a notch above her head, and quickly ascends to this; so on in like manner until she reaches the dizzy height to which she is directed from below, exhibiting throughout the most astonishing stretch and pliancy of limb, and the most wonderful absence of all fear of danger. She recklessly advances towards the extremity of a fragile bough which appears ready to break. If she can reach the honey, she seizes it, and places it in a sort of calabash slung round her neck, at the same time holding her hatchet in her mouth. Where she finds it impracticable to reach the honey, she cuts off the branch, which, with its mollifuous appendage, falls to the ground at the feet of her sable lord, who stands below. The honey is of delicious flavour, after it has been carefully separated from the comb, the cells of which are generally filled with small flies.—*T. H. Braim's History of New South Wales.*

Assiduity and Perseverance.—The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third; still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life; but heed them not: whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age.—*Goldsmith.*

French Finance.—The national debt of France, which, in 1562, under Charles IX, was only 17,000,000*fr.*, was, in 1832, 5,417,495,017*fr.* At the present time, it is almost 7,000,000,000*fr.* France has already been bankrupt six times, viz:—Under Sully, who deducted the interest formerly paid on the capital; at the end of Louis XIV's reign, under Desmarais, who paid neither capital nor interest; at the fall of the "système law," under Lepelletier; under the Abbé Terrai, who did not pay the assignments; during the revolution, after the creation of 45,000,000 of mortgages; lastly, in 1799, by the reduction of two-thirds of the debt.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall have to make a very agreeable announcement next week to our readers, which will explain the delay in the "Red Hand."
"Piquillo Allaga."—Our correspondent in Nottingham is assured that the forthcoming portions of this romance are admirable. Some of the scenes are exquisite.

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